E happy dead we gave Who keepeth what H's, alway; We lay the violets or the sod. We lay our hearts to yours to-day.

Oh, take them, broken and unmeet For that high faith you used to have! The trembling hand, the faltering feet We turn to you, across

The fine resolve, the lofty part That perished like a sun-smote flower: The silent coward in the heart;

The memory of the weakest hour. The thing we are not-meant to be-And still go begging grief to make Us, for the love we bear to ye-Oh, take them all, for love's dear sake.

Who else in earth or Heaven can know? Like the dear dead, who can forgive? Again, because we love you so-Be patient. Teach us how to live.

This once again, the scorching tear And aching lips we bring, we trust, Dearer to us the treasure here

Than all that stirs above the dust. Oh, happy dead who went to God!

Hold, hold us in your love alway. We lay the violets on the sod, We lay our hearts to yours to-day. -El zabeth Stuart Phelps, in N. Y. Independ-

## CAPTAIN SIMMS.

A Memorial Day Story of "One of the Rank and File."



RARE sunshiny day as ever dawned fresh from the hands of the great Creator. Two prime of youthful promise and the heydev of a prosperous, joyous existence. The roads of a populous crowded with persons riding and afoot, and in the midst of the beauty of the day and the fragrance of hither and von of

uniform of the Grand Army of the Repubtown, an occasional drum-beat, betokening the gathering of an organized body of men preparing to do duty on an important and solemn occasion. Unmistakably Memorial

Along Highland avenue, at the terminus of which was the large cemetery, was an almost unbroken procession of people of all ages and conditions, hurrying toward the grounds where in another hour a favorite chaplain was to deliver the oration of the

Frank Barker and Eugene Howard, seventeen and eighteen years, respectively, took in with keen interest each phase of the holiday scene.

"Doesn't seem possible there ever could have been a war right here in our own country, does it? ' Frank asked. "I suppose," he added, "it would appear more likely had any one belonging to me been in the army, but as it is, Memorial Day seems to me more like a day for the parading of the living than the honoring of the dead."

"My father was a surgeon in the army during the last two years of the rebellion," said Eugene Howard, "but he died so many years ago I never learned anything from him on the subject; but, then, our see-I haven't mentioned it yet, but all men who fought those battles."

"Y-e-s," began Frank, in what would have were ever in the slightest engagement, or the ground, then he went on: even ever smelt powder. Sort of shakes your faith in a good many of them."

"I reckon we're all willing enough to know enough to enlist, but I had no end of as little of that 'unpleasantness' as we can." | maneuvering trying to keep in the same walked about, stopping first to comment on | years before, so she never worried over the the draping of some long mound where risks he run. from headstone to footstone the stars and some sleeping patriot's grave. Then the

than a moment's attention. down the next avenue and rest awhile. We shall hear the band easily enough once the procession draws near."

The arbor was close at hand, but on apwas habited in an old army coat so faded it a military air-" might originally have been either gray or Just then a middle-aged gentleman blue, and over the deep collar straggled a few locks of gray hair. At sight of the forlorn old figure, Eugene

Howard said under his breath: "Hulloo! I guess our old friend vonder

lame, started in advance to find a resting-"Well, goodness knows he's welcome!"

said Frank Barker, a chivalrous ring in his was to see a fine, manly young fellow, with low voice. 'You see," he added half sport. | an eagle eye and a military carriage, come ively and half in earnest, "we Young Amer- striding along -ah! there's our minister ica involuntarily render honor to whom honor,' and so forth."

Eugene Howard added, mischievously: "Reminds me, nevertheless of the 'old



"ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE," MERELY.

duffer' alluded to in my hearing a moment

"I've a great mind to interview him." Frank replied quick to catch and respond first to speak to the spirit of mischief in his friend's

But once inside the arbor it was not an hour ago." necessary for the young men to set the "old "Oh, you didn't realize any thing of the friend going." Placing his thin hand against his hat with a correct military salute, he I didn't either; it seemed only like a forgotbegan in a tone which, though firm and ten tragedy of the long past; but now

"Ah! good morning, young gentlemen ought to feel that that struggle has left its

an object. I always go everywhere with an object."

He paused a moment, as if to make the last declaration the more impressive; and Frank Barker, taking advantage of the opportunity, remarked, perfectly respect-"I suppose you were in the service some

time, and probably saw some engage-The old veteran raised his eyebrows as though surprised at the inquiring tones. then began in the slow recitative way which

gave promise of the desired story: "In the service? Oh, yes, my boy, I was in the service, sure! And any engagements. did you say? Oh, yes: I run with the rest from the first Bull Run; then I was with Pope in the second battle-that was a hot one, I can tell you! Let's see-that was away back along in the summer of '62, and the fall of that same year I had another taste of the sorrows of war at Fredericksburg under Burnside."

He seemed to sink into a reverie for a moment, but with a start began again: "In any engagements, did you ask? Me? An old U. S. V., one of the rank and file? Why, my boy, I fought with Pleasonton at Chancellorsville, when poor Stonewall Jackson fell, riddled by his own men." The old man fell into soliloguy at this recollection.

"Ah me! they call Death the great leveler, and well they may. You forget the man was a rebel and think of him only as a brother when you hear he has fallen.

"But you asked about engagements," he added, waking up again. "Dear me, yes; it was only the summer of that same year I found myself marching under General Strong against Fort Wagner. I suppose you've heard time and again how poor Strong and his companion in command, young Shaw, of Boston, charged on the fort; but just as they reached the ditch both gallant General and patriotic young Colonel fell, the first mortally wounded, the other killed outright."

The old voice sank into soliloquy again. "Oh, my Lord! they thought to heap infamy and opprobrium on the honored name of Colored Robert Shaw by telling about young fellows in the burying him in the same pit with his niggers'; but his grand old father made his grave simply glorious and his own name illustrious by afterwards expressing his willingness to let the mortal part of his brave son 'stay and sleep on forever in the suburban town trench with his niggers.'

There was a long pause unbroken by the absorbed listeners in the arbor; then there were signs of nervousness and emotion increasing every moment on the part of the old volunteer, and when he spoke again his the air a hurrying voice was husky and he clutched continually at the sides of his coat as if trying to men in the familiar hide himself away somewhere in its folds. "I only saw one engagement more," he lie. Further back, near the center of the began, "and that was at Cold Harbor. You



histories teach us how much we owe the through my army life I was keeping track of a young soldier whose fiery zeal in the great cause kept him at the front and in the been a cynical manner in an older man, thickest of the fight. It was my own boy "but the trouble is, there are so many old and all I had in the world-Lord how I duffers who are forever and ever blowing loved him!" His lower jaw dropped, and about the war, and I doubt if half of them he gazed blankly for a moment at a spot on

"I couldn't nor wouldn't tell my boy he should not fight for the old flag. He was "Oh, well," replied Eugene, laughingly, just turned of twenty-one, and was old Arrived at the cemetery, the young men line of action he did. His mother was gone

"Well, the last battle he ever was in, or I stripes were wound in graceful folds quer either, was the terrible one of Cold Harbor, early in the summer of '64. We were under designs in plants well grown, and flowers Hancock, and did all any of our men could coaxed into early bloom, would claim more | do-that was, obeyed orders. When you consider, lads, that our loss in killed, "I believe I'm getting tired," said Frank | wounded and missing after the battle was Barker, at last; "let's go to that little arbor over thirteen thousand men, you'll never whom he hated (and would like to have robed figure suddenly ran down the hall doubt again that some of us knew what an

'engagement' means. "Well I saw my boy fall during the battle, and they all told me he was killed. proaching near enough to see into it, there, and for a long time-yes, for years-I be-

sauntered into the arbor, and the old soldier at once accosted him:

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Fosdick! Glad to see you." His voice took on the halfbeseeching tone they had noticed before as grew tired before we did, and, being a little | he continued; "You know I'm an old U. S. V. one of the rank and file merely, but I am here to-day with an object, as usual; I shouldn't be surprised if at any moment I from Crofton; I must go interview him. I bid you good-day, good-day, my sons!"

With a martial air the old man gathered himself up and departed, while Frank and Eugene looked inquiringly at the gentleman addressed as "Mr Fosdick."

"Excuse me," said Frank, "but do you know that old soldier?" "Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Fosdick, a look of pity succeeding the smile with which he began to make reply; "he was one of our fighters during the war, but he lost an only son whom for years he knew and realized had been killed-at Cold Harbor, I think. But within the last year or two his mind has failed, and he imagines that it was a mistake as to his son's having fallen, and so he is continually searching and inquiring for him. It's awfully sad," he added, looking away beyond the arbor, "but he always fancies him still a young man just as he saw him last, but doesn't realize he would be getting "grizzly," like the rest of us of

his age, were he still living. "Captain Simms, as every body calls him -although he disowns all titles-belongs at the Soldiers' Home in Crofton, but is al- you say? lowed more liberty than is usual. He doubtless walked the six miles between there and here this morning, but was so filled with his 'object' of finding his son as hardly to notice the long tramp. Well-I

wish you good-morning."
The strong man left the arbor, and the young fellows remaining in it looked quiet-ly into each other's faces. Frank was the

"I tell you, Gene, that's war! cold, cruel voice. "He looks to me as if he might be a war! Isn't it mournful, though! I feel as Httle non compos; but he might also tell us a though I'd like to go and implore that old story if we set him going - come on."

dignified, had yet a certain imploring ac- we've been brought face to face with the real thing, and it's a good lesson for us; we

merely, but 1 came over here to-day with I wish we might manage to say something comforting to that poor old soldier. Come

on, we might see him again." But as they started out the music of a band broke on their ears, and the crowd became dense all around. They pressed forward, but had gone but a little way before they saw their old friend of the arbor just before them. As they were borne along with the throng they caught a few pleading words addressed to a policeman, who seemed listening respectfully:
"As you see, I'm an old U. S. V., one of

the rank and file merely, but I thought possibly you might have seen an eagle-eyed young fellow-" It was impossible to stand still, and the young friends pushed on to where the

chaniain was taking his stand. At last the exercises were all over. The oration was ended and the impressive ceremony of decorating the flag-marked graves had been performed. Many of the companies had left the grounds, and Frank Barker and Eugene Howard were half-reluctantly approaching the gates.

Just then a detachment of Post Forty-five of Crofton, halted near the entrance, and, walking slowly up to them, the boys saw the faded old veteran, and heard him begin, in his slow, entreating way: "I'm an old U. S. V., one of the rank and

file merely, but I thought perhaps -But the Commander interrupted him: doffing his hat with all the deference he would have shown a superior officer, he said, gently, but heartily:

"Ah! it's Captain Simms, isn't it? We're on the outlook for our old veterans to-day. Fall right into line with us; we're going to have a sandwich and some coffee just outside here, and one of our men has a big package of 'ald solace' for you to take home. The barge will be here directly, and you shall go along with us. But see! here are the old soldiers wanting to have a word with you-Captain Simms, comrades!"

And the men closed about him, completely shutting out from the tearful eyes of two attentive lads the old "U. S. V."-merely oue of the rank and file!-Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Christian Union.

A TRAVELER'S TIPS. He Gives His Ideas and Impressions

About Chicago. It is the French who say nothing can be interesting unless it is at least a little

wicked. Shecawgo is a very interesting city. It was laid out crooked by the Pottawattomies, who later were laid out straight-sent te pot, as it were. Thus early did the town discover its magnificent "terminal facilities!" And its crooked paths? Why, they have since been made perfectly straight-

on the map! It is evident there was to be considerable go to Shecawgo. Once it was about gone. but it started up again as fresh as a burntout circus-and what new elephants it had! Business men who fail to make a go of it

elsewhere go to Shecawgo, intending to succeed from the word go-or bust. The busts keep ten blonde mercantile agency typewriters on the go; and when New York gets its copy of creoked assets it says: "Here's another pretty go in She-

Still, there are those who, by strict attention to their own and St. Louis' business, manage to thrive! The city fathers predict a million inhabit-

ants in two years; in five they expect to take in Joliet as an additional ward! And what about Joliet? Why, Joliet has an additional ward for

Shecawgo's boodle fathers and has taken in in installment on the ten-year plan! Shecawgo always dresses well. Its calves and hogs are known to be the best dressed

n the country. Ask Mr. Armour. Every body in Shecawgo belongs to some lub. The one having the largest membership is the famous Ananias. Strangers desiring to see a match or a match declared off take Mr. Yerkes' cable

to the base-ball or divorce grounds. But many have their own grounds for divorce. Shecawgo builds on the rapid transit plan. The proposed new street is first outlined by elevated plank sidewalks six feet above

prairie level. The houses are then run up, the front doors being on a level with the planking. the digging of cellars being obviated. When the people have lived on the block iong enough to get the street filled in with ashes and old shoes they have it finely paved, are lights placed and a mounted policeman detailed.

Behold the new boulevard! There may be occasionally a complaint about the paving, but as a general thing Shecawgo is paved with good intentions. Shecawgo has a famous river by the same tamous name. It is short, but-let's hurry-by any other name its offense would

be as rank. There was once a storekeeper whose cat died on his hands. Having no burnal-place, and bethinking himself of a competitor killed were it not for the Bible and the po- and, throwing her arms about him, said: lice), he resolved to express to him the remains of poor puss.

Shecawgo, with too vast an accumulation of dead cat in its river, is to-day legislating calmly gazing on the scene before him, sat lieved it, but of late I've begun to doubt a gigantic drainage scheme to provide for an old man whose appearance might have very seriously whether such was really the the enlargement to ship size of the connectbeen ludicrous had it not at the same time fact. As I said before, I came with an ob- ing canal by the Illinois river. As the been so utterly pathetic. On his head was ject to-day; knew there would be a great | Shecawgo river will by this means be a large army hat, such as worn by mem- many soldiers about, and I more than half | flushed into the Illinois, which in its turn bers of the Posts, only in the middle were expect to see a tall young fellow, with an flows into the Mississippi just above St. three tarnished letters. His tall, thin form eye as keen as an eagle's fine features, and Louis, it looks as if St. Louis were the party destined to get the dead cat in undefined, unlimited quantity .- N. Y. World.

JOCULAR JOTTINGS.

And after all the big strike wasn't a big Bismarck, after getting his back up, has

now decided to back down. A man doesn't like to be betrayed, but he likes to get his money be trade. The winter took a fail out of us last year, but we are taking a fall out of winter this.

Minister Phelps is said to be in his prime, but it does not follow that he would make a good prime minister. Berry Wall's creditors are an unfortunate class. They have often to "go to

the Wall" without effect He Knew the Defendant. Foreman of the Jury-Well, how much

damages do you think the young man is en-First Juryman-As I understand it, he am't suing for blighted affections nor any thing of that sort, eh? Just merely wants to get his money back that he expended for presents, ice cream, and the like? Second Juryman-That's all.

First Juryman-Well, I ain't in favor of giving him a cent. If the fun he had didn't amount to more than his presents, that's his look out. I courted that girl myself on ce. - Terre Haute Express.

Won't Have to Elope. Sophronia Flim-Papa, what if I should take it into my head to elope? What would Mr. Flim (who has seven marriageable

Herald. Unselfish. "If it is more blessed to give than to re

ceive," mused Harry, after his father had

been trying to teach him a lesson in gen-

erosity, "I think it would be very nice in me

to do the receiving, and let others have the

most blessing."-Harper's Bazar.

Cause for Gratitude. "Thank hebben," said an old colore woman, "dat my chillun am all brack an' not yaller like what some cullud folks is." "Why, aunty?"

"Kase dey don' show dirt."-Epoch. I'm an od United States volunteer, as you seen," and he pointed significantly to the letters of his carefully-peaked hat; "yes, I'm an old U. a. V., one of the rank and file that never will heal while certain lives last.

A contemperate is printing lists of the "four hundreds" of different parts of the rank and file that never will heal while certain lives last.

LUKE MASON.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of the Late Civil War.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK, AUTHOR OF "BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER,"
"HELEN LAKENAN," "WALTER BROWN-FIELD," "BANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER II-CONTINUED. The old man rose and called to a pegro boy to bring him a lighted candle. The sleepy darkey soon complied, and, followed by Luke, the farmer went to his private room, where was an old-fashioned escritoire. He opened one of the drawers with an assurance that scouted at any doubt of

ness came over his face. "It's gone," he said. "Look well; it may have got in some other nook," said Luke, eagerly. He did so. He went through drawer after drawer, but at last, in despair, whis-

the precious relic. But a look of uneasi-

"Who did it?" The farmer could give no satisfactry

answer. They searched every where that it could be possible for the missing relic to be, but of no avail. With an aching head and heart heavy with disappointment, Luke Mason retired to his bed that night; weary from travel he at last fell asleep, despite his anxiety. He seemed to have scarce lost consciousness,

and his mind had begun to wander amid

vague, misty dreams, when he was aroused

by a loud noise of confused voices in which were mingled oaths, threats and the pleadings of Mr. Neff and his daughter. "Shet up, old man; we hain't agwine ter hurt you or yer gal; but we'll hang that ar' aberlition 'n spite o' h-1!" growled a heavy voice. Luke, alarmed, sprang from his bed and ran to the window. The front yard was filled with armed men. Mr. Neff and Lillie both partially in night-clothes were in front

of the door.
"You shall not hurt him," cried the brave girl. "He has not harmed you." "But he's a aberlition, gal, an' we'll hang 'im ur die. Haint ye a Southern gal?" "I am-my brother is on his way to join

Price, but you shall not harm a hair of his A loud shout of disapproval went up at this determined sentence. Cries of "T'ar down the do'!" "Bu'n the house!" and a hundred other angry exclamations drowned

the brave girl's voice. Luke was alarmed. The freedom with which he had declared his Union sentiments at the last stage station had ruined him. He now saw the folly of his coming



to this neighborhood, especially from a free soil State like Ohio. He was at a loss what to do, as he was wholly unarmed and incapable of making any defense. There came

pulled open, and a voice whispered: "Massa, Massa Luke!" "Blackhawk, is it you?" he asked. "Yes, massa; de berry debit am to pay. Secesh come to hang yer. Come wid me, an', by golly, I'il show ye how to git away

There was no time for hesitation, even for thought. He followed the negro out into the hall, where Blackhawk thrust a horsepistol in his hand. "Blow um ter de debil ef um come," said

the negro in a whisper. "Where did you get this?" "Nebber mind, massa-can't tell yer now, come on. Ef yer gwine ter help free my

wife an' little baby I'll help yer.' He led him down the stairs and they were hastening out the rear way when a white-"Oh! Luke, Luke; go fly for your life."

One kiss on her beautiful forehead, one whispered "good-bye," and he was out following Blackhawk, who was urging him on as rapidly as he could. Across the garden, the house lot, and to the rear of the stable where two horses, already saddled and bridled, held by Tom, waited.

"I got 'em ready fur ye, massa," said Blackhawk. "I tole Tom ter do it." Where shall I go to escape the mob?" "Wall, ye's Union, ain't ye, massa?"

" Yes." "I know whar dar's a camp o' Unioners, an', golly, I'll jest take ye thar in no timefo' mawnin'!'

There was no time to parley, for the mob of Southerners were determined to make an example of a Yankee who dared to come to their neighborhood. Their spies had evidently noted his arrival, and were quick to discern his sentiment.

It was a long, dark ride. Part of the time they had a road and part of the time none, plunging through thickets, and crossing creeks and ravines, all the time surrounded by a dense forest. Day had begun to dawn when they came in sight of a camp on a hill-side, in a woods pasture. The stars and stripes were floating from a pole stuck

Blackhawk refused to go any further, and Luke, dismounting, walked into camp. A guard halted him and demanded to know what he wanted. Luke informed him that he wanted to see the Captain, and was conducted to a wagon, which was the chief officer's headquarters. There were almost a hundred men in the camp, and very little discipline was shown. The arms were chiefly the ordinary fire-locks, shot-guns and rifles, and they were wholly without uniforms. When Luke had told his story to Captain

Smart the latter said: "If it's yer intention to fight fur the Union, ye needn't go any further, fur I want three more men here now, and I'll en-

roll he and sw'ar ye right in." It was a sudden change, but sudden changes were common, and in a few minutes Luke Mason was enlisted as a recruit. daughters) - You elope! What an idea! It | An old white-haired man, dressed half in will never be necessary. If you ever have buckskin and half jeans, came to him and a chance to marry I and your ms will never invited him to his mess, as they just lacked have the slightest objections. - Chicago one more. The old fellow was known as Arkansaw Tom, was brave as a lion, with a heart tender as a woman's.

Luke found this beginning of soldier life 'ar from agreeable. The coffee was black, the meat burnt and the bread hard and dry. The newly-made soldiers were lying about upon the grass, some aiready complaining of the hardships and others narrating remarkable adventures, of which the narrator was always the hero. Captain Smart was a man of pluck and common sense, which in a measure made

had a United States drill book and Hardee's tactics, over which he had been pouring every idle moment for three days. Immedi-ately after breakfast he brought his com-pany upon a green spot, devoid of trees, to instruct them. to instruct them in the manual of arms. After an hour spent in these exercises they gathered up all camp equipage and

amends for his lack of military skill. He

People came to their doors to see them. and as they went by they thought they

must be a great army. About the middle of the afternoon they reached Sagget, a small place of half a dozen houses, one store, a blacksmith shop and post-office to give it the appearance of a village. The houses were scattered over the crest of a hill. In a woods pasture north of them, to the left of the road, Cantain Smart said they would encamp to await the arrival of other companies of re-

About fifty men who had come the night before were already encamped among the trees which covered the hillside, and during the day a hundred more came in. The superabundance of commissioned officers, or men who would be commissioned officers if the Governor would sign their commissions, gave no little trouble about who should rank the others. But after much parleying, the honor of command was conferred on Captain Smart.

The men were under very slight restraint, and the enforcement of military discipline was almost impossible. Luke's acquaintance, Arkansaw Tom,

seemed to take considerable interest in the new recruit. "Don't spect sojer life 'll agree with ve at

fust," Tom said. "No. I don't think it will, but I hope to get accustomed to it," Luke answered. "Oh, yas; a feller kin git use ter most any thing I guess. But we'll meet some 'o them Johnny Rebs afo' we go catertopin very long 'bout heah."

"The country must be full of them?" said "Thicker 'n hons," answered the old man, "an' all a calogin' ter Lexin'ton. where we're agwine. It will be red hot when we get

Luke made no answer; he sighed, cast his eyes upon the ground and mentally asked himself how long it would be ere it see again that bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, whose kiss seemed still warm on his | below, and would the mystery of his birth lips. Was life's bright young dream to end | be revealed only in eternity! in fire, smoke and carnage? "Come on, Luke Mason, and give a hand

here!" cried one of his new comrades. They were trying to raise a rude tent which they had constructed from some wagon sheets. Luke's experience with tents for fishing and hunting parties stood him in excellent need on the present occasion. He showed them how to arrange the center-pole, braces, wings, flies and stays, and in a few moments they had quite a respectable tent "Thort ye'd never been in th' sarvice?"

"I never was," he answered. "Oh shucks, ye needn't tell that, we know better," said a member of his mess the leaves, at peace with all the world, and called Ned Cotton. "No 'un who hain't seen sarvice could yank a tent about that way." Ned Cotton, Bill Snow, Arkansaw Tom, Luke and two more occupied the new tent,

by companies, platoons, squads, or even recruits also, and as nervous as the men

carpeted the earth.

laying his hand on Luke's shoulder. "Go he could no longer restrain himself, and | tended to on short notice. "How long do I stay on guard?" asked Luke. "I had but little sleep last night." said Corporal Max, who had in the last few | ing reports, until it at last raced down the days imbibed a world of military knowl- fence row at full speed. edge. Corporal Max was a chronic grum-

bler, but a very rigid disciplinarian so far as he knew. At the appointed hour Luke and three others, under Corporal Max, shouldered their guns and went some three or four miles from the camp, where the road parted, and there sat down under a large tree. This was the extreme picket post, side, had a slight flesh yound in his arm. and but a slender guard was left about the

rapid steps along the hall, the door was stories and commenting on the situation, while Luke sat a little apart from the strange mystery of his life. What hand had launched that cradle upon the bosom of the flood which bore his infant form, and what was the purpose? Was his destruction sought because he was a living testimony of sin. Then, again, who had stolen the large yellow handkerchief and for what purpose. But as these reflections were painful, he tried to cast them aside and listen to the chatter of his companions.

"I don't think they'll done come t' fight grass gazing up at the stars, boastfully remarked. "We'd lick 'em too quick." "They're concentratin at Lexington," said Corporal Max. "I don't see what sense

"They'll be sorry if they do," the boaster

The relief came, and Luke, wearied in body and mind, was glad to return to lie down in his tent, for long rides and sleepless nights were beginning to tell upon him. While dragging his weary feet along the road to camp it seemed as if every step must be the last. Reaching his tent worn out with anxiety and fatigue, he threw himself on a pile of straw and was soon in the land

of dreams. In the slumbers of midnight his mind gradually drifted back to the pleasant days he had spent at the old farm-house in company with Lillie. That angry cloud which for a moment had flashed from Albert Neff's brow seemed a blur upon their happiness, which was rapidly growing into a terrible storm-cloud, obstructing the light and gladness of the sun.

Lightning flashed from the dark cloud and peals of thunder, sharp and incessant, like musket shots, rang out. He saw Lilhe at his feet struggling in death. He had stooped over her, when he felt himself being dragged somewhere by the

"My God! What's the matter?" he cried. wide awake. "Git up - they're fightin'!" roared Arkansaw Tom in his ear.

Distant firing affirmed the assertion.



Some one thrust a gun in his hand and voice whispered: "Git down t' th' fence!"

It was only about twenty rods to the fence where most of the men already were, and he ran there as fast as he could. Occasionally a shot was fired, and he thought he heard a bullet hum through the air. "Stiddy, boys, stiddy!" cried Captain Smart, who having seen service in Mexico was not under fire for the first time. "We'll

lick 'em yit." CHAPTER III. A RETROGRADE MOVEMENT. For a moment the blood seemed to forsake

took up their line of march, intending to go. Luke's veins, and left him trembling with dread. Awakened by shouts, the crack of fire-arms and all the appalling sounds of carnage, confuses the veteran, and the wonder is that it did not produce a panic among

these raw recruits. Perhaps they were too much stupefied to become panic-stricken. They seemed to realize that their safety lay in getting behind the fence as soon as possible, as it afforded them a partial protection.

By the time Luke reached the fence the firing ceased and the echoes of the shots died away. The raw recruit glanced down the fence row, which was dark with men crouching, kneeling and lying behind it, while their guns formed a serried phalanx of black muzzles. The moon shone in peaceful splendor-upon the scene, illuminating it with floods of silver light. No one could be seen in the wood beyond, but it was from that point that the attack was threatened.

When Luke found old Arkansaw Tom on one side of him, and Ned Cotton on the other, he regained his self-possession. Where were the enemy! Not one was in sight, nor had a shot been fired in the last three minutes. Luke asked Arkansaw Tom where the rebels were, and was told that they were not far away, and were advancing on them, for they had already driven in the pickets. But so peaceful and quiet was the scene that Luke was about half inclined to believe there was some mistake about it.

The crickets, which had been awed to silence by those rude alarms, resumed their chirrups, and the whippoorwill, on the distant hill, renewed its song. A pig came straggling down the path beyond the fence, grunting and rooting about among the leaves, wholly unconscious of danger. For several moments not a word was heard, and naught save crickets, night birds, the rustling of leaves and grunting of the pig broke the silence. This waiting-this expecting a bloody struggle-was more trying on the nerves than if a death struggle was at hand. Luke's mind was busy recallwas dyed with human blood. Would he ever | ing the past and trying to dip into the future. Would this night end all on earth Some one whispered:

"They come!" The regular tramp of feet could be heard coming over the distant ridge, where the at tacking party had evidently halted to dress

their lines. "Stiddy, stiddy!" said Captain Smart, ir a voice which was a little unsteady itself but which had within it the ring of determination that gave courage to the men. Luke strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the foe. The nearer approach of the marching columns indicated that they would soon be in sight, and, despite all his determination, he found himself trembling.

giving vent to its satisfaction in expressive The enemy at last came in sight among the trees on the ridge, and despite the inand spent most of the afternoon lying on junctions of the officers the more nervous the fresh, clean straw with which they had of the recruits behind the fence row began The day wore slowly by; the routine of | termined to obey the command of his supericamp life had not yet become sufficiently ors, and wait till the foe were near enough old to be monotonous. Men were drilling to make a sure shot, but the enemy being

blazed away with the others. The pig gave utterance to a squeal of alarm and ran hither and thither, met ev-"Only two hours, then comes first rehef," erywhere with blinding flashes and deafen-

> The enemy made no charge, but contented and then gradually fell back.

Captain Smart made no effort to pursue the enemy, but contented himself to remain The picket amused themselves telling behind the fence with his forces for an hour or two after they had disappeared. The attacking force was evidently about equal others, his mind filled with that dark, to his own, and failing to make a complete surprise, or even take advantage of the partial surprise, they had deemed it best to

Sleep was a stranger to the eyes of the new soldiers the remainder of that night. When morning came not a sign of an enemy could be found. It was the general belief that the opposing force would renew the battle at daylight, but when it came they were many miles away, and only the bulletshattered oaks and fences remained to tell us," one of the guards, who was lying on the that a conflict had raged there but a few hours before.

The recruits, elated at their victory, seemed to have suddenly developed into veterans. In their enthusiasm they wanted

action. Luke, disgusted with a military organization which seemed no stronger than a rope of sand, was half inclined to desert and seek the service of his country They were constantly threatening to break up and go off in different directions, each company to itself. Nothing but the

gence that Lexington had fallen on the 20th of September, the day before. All hope of reaching Lexington was abandoned, and without any leader the army was in a deplorable condition. Surrounded by the enemy, cut off from friends

condition was somewhat precarious. Some wanted to go to St. Louis, others to Springfield, and another day was spent at Sagget arguing which course they should take, when a messenger came with orders from somewhere for them to move to Cairo. That, of course, settled their destination, but there were many minor details to be consulted in regard to the march. Captain

forces, but his authority was liable to be usurped at any time. By pressing into service such teams as could be found, they managed to organize a small baggage train and prepared for the march. Luke's voluntary suggestions to a great extent helped to pour oil on the troubled waters, and brought him into the

At last the march was begun, and to Luke's astonishment, as well as delight, ha found that their course took them down the road which led past Mr. Neff's farm-house. The whole country was wild with alarm, and they frequently found farm-houses deserted. Those deserted homes were plundered by the recruits, who seemed to have war above that of pillage. Captain Smart and many others did all they could to prevent plunder and insults, but a sad lack of military discipline rendered them powerless.

"Captain Smart," Luke said, as they were marching down the great turnpike which led past the farm of Mr. Neff, "will you not let me have a small detail, and go forward to guard a farm-house about five miles in our advance?"

"Why d'ye want to do that?" the Captain

"Some may be-some are not; but I have sworn that the young girl and that helpless old man shall not suffer insults which have seen heaped upon the inoffensive and weak by these soldiers."

ins, says a recent writer, and not by the

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blazing away at them. Luke at first de- CANDIES. PIES. they were attacking, returned the fire, and "Yer on fur picket t'-night," said a when a bullet struck a rail so near him as lo be found in the city. Special orders poral, coming to the door of the tent and to cover his face with dust and rotten wood, for anything in my line promptly at

themselves to fire a few shots at long range, Whether any of them had been killed or wounded the Union recruits could not determine, though next morning a puddle of blood close to a tree was discovered. Bill

Snow, the only man touched on the Union retreat.

thar is in hangin' around here. Why not go to be led at once against Lexington, which thar an' clean 'em up? Thar's no danger | Price was supposed to be investing with a t' night 'nless a stragglin' gang runs in on | force variously estimated at from twenty to one hundred thousand men. The recruits were again in a turmoil for the lack of a leader. Two days were spent in trying to devise some general mode of

> knowledge that prowling bands of Confederates swarmed everywhere held them together at Sagget. On the evening of the third day a man mounted on a jaded horse rode into camp with the startling intelli-

and convulsed with internal strife, their

Smart still had nominal command of the

favorable notice of his superiors.

"Those people are my friends." "Are they rebels?"

[10 BE CONTINUED.] THE bagpipes were invented by the Bo THOMAS KIRBY.

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